

about tulips are well known; but we have one of the prettiest of all *fables* concerning them to narrate—a real fairy tale, quite worth the hearing. Down in the south and west of that fair county, Devonshire, lies a wild and desolate tract of hill-country, called Dartmoor. This district remains in almost primeval simplicity, its deep solitudes but seldom invaded by the foot of man, its few and simple inhabitants almost as uncultured as its wild mountains and morasses. Here, amidst, the rough relics of the homes of our ancient British forefathers, linger the remains of the dress and habits of former days; and here, too, are found remnants of the superstitions which prevailed of old.

In one of the sylvan glens which lie amongst these Tor-crowned hills, there lived, once on a time, an old woman, who was the happy owner of a pleasant rustic cottage, with a garden full of sweet flowers. There was the 'brave carnation,' rich with its clove-like fragrance; there was the clustering rose, forcing its way over the little porch, and climbing on the dark brown thatch; there, too, was a little rill coursing along the side of the cottage, its rushing waters making sweet melody as they broke over the stony bed through which they ran, and mixing their tones with the song of many birds, and the clear hum of the good old woman's bees, as they gathered honey from the wild-thyme and the dewy foxglove on the hills around. But although, no doubt, all her flowers were charming to the old lady, there was one treasure in the garden which was her chief delight, and exceeded all the others. This was a fine bed of most beautiful, streaked tulips, over which she watched with warmest interest. One fine moonlight night it seems the dame sallied forth to view her property, when her attention was arrested by a sweet gush of soft music, which rose and fell on the air in gentle cadence. It was as if a thousand tiny voices had joined in unison; clear and shrill, as if from the throats of so many grasshoppers, but as soft as if it had been produced by as many little feathered moths. With wonder and delight, the old woman gently drew near to the point whence the harmony seemed to arise, and found that it all emanated from the bells of her own many-coloured tulips, which she could now see bending and waving in the night-breeze. She watched her darling flowers with intense interest, and at last she saw by the light of the moon, then just at its full, that it was not the *wind* that swayed her tulips, but that there were thousands of lovely little beings climbing on the stems and leaves, and clustering amongst the powdery anthers of the blossoms, and that each of these tiny creatures held one tinier than itself in its arms. They were the pixies—or fairies, as they are called elsewhere than in Devonshire—who had brought their elfin babes to lay them to sleep in the chambers which those lovely blossoms afforded, and the music was the lullaby with which they were composing their infants for their rest. As soon as the little ones were fast asleep, the old woman saw the parent fays speed away to gambol in the fields around, where they spent the rest of the night in dancing in rings, and other fairy-like diversions, to which the marks on the grass the next morning bore testimony. At the earliest dawn, the old woman—who, of course, kept on her watch all night—saw the elves return to the tulip-bed, and taking up their babies with many kisses and caresses, bear them away to their own domains. Some say that the watcher did not *see* these things, but only heard the sweet music, and the caresses of the parent fays; but on this subject we can give no opinion, for the one statement seems as likely to be true as the other. However it may be, it is said that these favoured flowers retained their beauty much longer than others of their tribe, which is no more than was to be expected; as also that, from the pixies breathing over them, they became as odorous as the Rose of Cashmere.

Whilst the old woman lived, she would not even allow a blossom to be gathered; but at last she died, and her less romantic and more utilitarian successors transmogrified the bed of tulips into a parsley-bed, much to the disgust of the fairies, who caused it to fade and die; and not only so, but they so managed that nothing would grow in that garden for years. But it seems they bore the memory of the old woman, who had thus protected their nursery, in affectionate remembrance—no weed was ever suffered to spring on her grave, but the greenest turf and the fairest flowers were ever found there, though no mortal hand tended the place where she

lay; and this state of things continued until it might be supposed that the remains of their friend were wholly decayed, and resolved into the elements out of which they were created; and every month, on the night before the moon was at the full, the grateful sprites might be heard lamenting her loss in tuneful dirges at her grave.

Cutting Through the Nile.

I have made inquiries, and find that Baker cut through some eighty miles of the "sudd" or vegetable barrier; the other day my steamer found this quite closed up. . . . A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down having a little root ready to attach itself to any thing; he meets a friend and they go together, and soon join roots, and so on. When they get to a lake the current is less strong, and so, no longer constrained to move on, they go off to the sides; others do the same, idle and loitering, like every thing up here. After a time, winds drive a whole fleet of them against the narrow outlet of the lake and stop it up. Then no more passenger plants can pass through the outlet, while plenty come in at the upper end of the lake; these eventually fill up all the passage which may have been made. Supposing I cut through the vegetation, I may have it closed any day by a wind blowing a floe of these weeds from one side of the lake to the other; so that the only way would be to clear out the lake of vegetation all together, or to anchor the banks of "sudd" so as to prevent the winds blowing them together.

Below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes; on the edge of these lakes an aquatic plant, with roots extending five feet into the water, flourishes. The natives burn the top parts when dry; the ashes form mold, and fresh grasses grow, till it becomes like terra firma. The Nile rises and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows, no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles.

Last year the Governor went up, and with three companies and two steamers he cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last one night the water burst the remaining part, and, sweeping down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The Governor says the scene was terrible. The hippopotami were carried down, screaming and snorting; crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish who had been crushed by the mass. One hippopotamus was carried against the bows of the steamer and killed; one crocodile, thirty-five feet long, was also killed. The Governor, who was in the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to his steamer.—*Col. Gordon in Central Africa.*

Making Money.

Some people can hardly make a living, and some lay up money. Why is it? Into a village of a few hundred inhabitants a young man came and was employed as clerk in the store; he lived there fifty years, and laid up \$100,000. Other men worked as hard, but did not lay up money.

Near that village was a large and beautiful farm. The owner of it had it from his father. He did not drink nor gamble, and yet he could not make a living, and so borrowed money, and to secure it gave a mortgage on the farm. In a few years the farm was sold, and he obliged to move away. A Scotchman, with but little money, and with a large family, passed by and saw the house was vacant, and struck a bargain with the owner. He began to work, to save, and to pay; and in ten or twelve years he was the entire owner. Then he went on and laid up money, and is now a rich man.

The art of making money is one that should be carefully studied. If you take a dollar and lend it out at six per cent. interest, it will double itself in sixteen years. If you take a dollar and buy something with it, and then sell that at a profit, and so keep doing, you increase your capital. These two ways are the foundation ways of money making. All business is in one of these two forms. Those who succeed the best are those who know the most about what they do.—*School Journal.*